

Wings of the Wanderlust

CONTAINING

THE CALL OF THE NORTH - KILLED IN FLANDERS

AND 33 OTHER POEMS

By LLEWELLYN P. BODE

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WANDERLUST

*I am a victim of wanderlust,
Around the world I go,
And these are the wings that carry me on
Wherever the wild winds blow.*

PIRATES vs. GRINDSTONES

Come listen my lads and I'll tell you a story,
A piping sea story of days long ago.
Of the clipper Sea Queen in the days of her glory.
So pipe the lads aft from aloft and alow.

Our skipper was Yankee, a deep water sailor,
The mate was a bucko, two fisted and tough.
The second was French but the son of a whaler,
Whose pride was his skill when the weather was rough.

Our crew was a riffraff of all seven oceans,
A motley collection of deep water salts.
The cook was a dago with Bolshevik notions,
But the beggar could cook and had very few faults.

We sailed from Jamaica with 'lasses and sugar,
And also some grindstones, for times they were slack,
Two days out of port we were chased by a lugger,
A swift sailing rascal, suspiciously black.

We cracked on top gallants, a jib and a spanker,
Our lee rail awash as we tore through the blue.
As for fighting the pirate our Cap. didn't hanker,
For powder was scarce and our men were too few.

In spite of our swiftness, the rascal o'erhauled us,
His longboats were out and were coming our way.
And then to the poop deck our old skipper called us,
And told us a plan to make pirate boy pay.

We brought up some grindstones and hid by the gun'll
While pirates in longboats hove to alongside.
Our Captain stood by with his hands like a funnel
And then of a sudden he laughingly cried,

"Heave over the grindstones," they smashed through the longboats.
And down to the bottom sank pirates and all.
It was lucky for us that they didn't build strong boats.
Our foemen were gone, but 'twas sure a close call.

We flew at the pirate to give him a mauling,
But losing his longboats, he turned tail and fled.
And just about then the long shadows were falling,
We returned to our quarters and all went to bed.

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THE FORESTER

Tune: Tipperary.

Up to bonny Glenmore came a forester one day,
Sure the snow was on the ground and everything was gray.
When he saw the soup and skilly, bread and bacon rare,
He sprang upon a lumber pile, and thus he rent the air:

Chorus: It's a long way to Grande Prairie,
It's a long way to go,
It's a long way to Grande Prairie,
Where there's lots to eat, I know;
Good-bye Perth and Glasgow,
Fare thee well, Dundee;
It's a long long, way to Grande Prairie,
To my home o'er the sea.

Tommy got paraded to his forester C.O.,
Saying sure I want a transfer out of this and so
Send me down to Blighty and I'll join the A.S.C.—
But Tommy went to Wandsworth, where he didn't want to be.

Chorus.

Sandwiches for dinner, and it's heavy on the "sand,"
Work we get a-plenty in this God-forsaken land.
Sure we start at daybreak and it's dark before we're through,
And all we get for breakfast is a lot of sticky goo!

Chorus.

Once a month is pay day, and it's then the boys are gay;
Passes to Kingussie, and to Granton on the Spey,
Pretty girls are plenty, and there's lots of fizzy drink,
And when we get too noisy, sure they shove us in the clink.

Chorus.

But in spite of troubles, we're busy as the bees,
And at times we work in water, far above our knees,
Now and then a man is killed, but we should worry, oh,
And when the war is over sure it's home we're going to go.

Chorus.

IN OLD HAWAII

Far away across the ocean
Lies a sunlit coral shore,
Where the nightingales are singing,
And the ceaseless breakers roar.

I can see the dusky maidens
Weaving flowers in their hair.
I can see the brilliant parrots
Flitting softly through the air.

There are swimmers at Waikiki
Splashing noisy in the surf.
There are races on the Paili
And across the grassy turf.

There are officers from Schofield
Strolling slowly down the street.
Corporals, sergeants, rear rank privates,
Mounted coppers on their beat.

And I long to cross the ocean
And to see that land again.
But, alas! I'm headed eastward
To Alberta's sunny plain.

THE PASSING OF THE FOREST

I saw a forest in the hills
Where wandered many an antlered band,
Where lurked the trout in rippling rills
Above Loch Morlick's shining strand.

I wandered through the leafy dells,
Among the heather pink and white,
I saw a host of Scotch bluebells
Sway in the sunshine warm and bright.

I saw the hare and Highland grouse
From covert steal with cautious air,
I watched the deer in quiet browse,
Among the fern and flowers fair.

The birches rustled in the breeze,
The shadows danced upon the rocks;
While faint and far among the trees
I heard the barking of a fox.

But now, alas! those days are o'er,
And peace has fled beyond the hills;
The axe is heard along the shore,
And falling trees have choked the rills.

Where stood the tall and stately fir,
And sprang the bluebells, fair and sweet,
Is heard the sawmill's rasping whirr,
And comes the echoing tramp of feet.

The wooded isles have ceased to be;
The deer have fled; the grouse have flown;
The hills resound with crashing tree,
And all is desolate and lone.

But in the distant, future years,
Sweet Nature, with her healing hand,
Shall come and shed her kindly tears
Upon this sad and desolate land.

The bluebells fair shall bloom again,
The deer shall wander by the shore
And peace shall rule the valley, when
The gang is gone for evermore.

FARMER CORNCOB COMES TO GRANDE PRAIRIE

Have you heard how Farmer Corncob
Came to settle at Grande Prairie,
In the Prairie City District,
Just a few miles north of Bear Lake?

You have not, so I will tell you,
Though my verse is somewhat rummy,
But sit tight and you shall listen—
If you don't, then go to Hades.

From the land of the Dakotas,
Where the wheat had yielded nothing,
Came the Corncob land a-hunting,
Bringing bills of many X's;

Came to Saskatoon and Gull Lake,
Edmonton and south to Lethbridge,
Looked at many quarter sections,
Was not satisfied to purchase,

On the Edmonton Dungwagon, B.C.
Which is sometimes called a railroad,
Came the Corncob, still unsettled,
And alighted in Grand Prairie.

There he saw a sign which shouted
That the firm of Mike Maloney
Was at hand to furnish homesteads
Of all sizes and descriptions.

Farmer Corncob, once directed,
Sought Maloney out and told him
What he wanted in the land way,
And enquired how was business.

On the instant that he heard him,
Mike Maloney, on the double,
Quickly cleared his decks for action,
Quickly froze onto the Corncob.

Told him tales about the country,
How the lakes were full of fishes,
How the woods were full of mooses,
And the stubble full of chicken.

Told him tales about the barley,
Wheat and oats and many grasses.
Took him out joy-riding, gratis,
In his faithful old tin Lizzie.

Farmer Corncob was delighted
With the country and its prospects,
Settled on a quarter section
Just a few miles north of Bear Lake.

Sent a wire to his Mrs.
Who was living in Dakota,
In the land of the Dakotas,
Saying "Come at once and join me,

I have found a second Eden
Where the crops are always bumpers.
There is wealth for us awaiting
In the district of Grande Prairie.

Sell the farm and sell the horses,
Sell the cows, and all the chickens,
Come, and bring the little Corncobs,
All the seven little Corncobs."

Mrs. Corncob, as directed,
Sold the farm and all the chattels,
Brought the seven little Corncobs,
Met her husband in Grande Prairie.

Now the Corncobs, re-united,
Are all settled on a quarter
In the district of Grande Prairie,
Just a few miles north of Bear Lake.

ADDENDA

Come to Prairie city district,
All you husky landless Corncobs;
You will find a hearty welcome,
From its climate and its people.

CALAMITY

The world was peaceful in the summer sun,
And every man was busy at his trade.
The crowds were moving by in search of fun,
The hand of war, it seemed, at last was stayed.

But on that fatal August day,
The Devil was unleashed, his aid was sought;
The Teuton beast began to burn and slay,
And raised the battle cry of "Me Und Gott!"

'Twas gallant Belgium first who drew the sword,
And held the fierce invader in his path;
Defied the Kaiser and his warlike horde,
While over Europe burst a storm of wrath.

The warlike bugles crashed aloud in France,
And with a bound the nation sprang to arms,
Shook open to the breeze the pennoned lance,
And left the women-folk at home to tend the farms.

Then wild and high the clarion call arose—
The call of England to her free born sons,
The call of Britain when beset with foes—
The Empire call to rally round the guns.

Down from the frozen forests and the plains
Of Russia came a mighty host of men—
An arm of strength, though somewhat shy on brains,
They rolled across the Prussian field and glen.

And Italy, after hesitating long,
At length took up the iron gauge of war,
Exchanged her hymn of peace for martial song,
And sought her ancient foe within his lair.

Oh, Motherland, across the seas so far.
United States, my country first and last,
Why art thou laggard in the glorious war?
Forget that selfish doctrine of the past.

And many another nation, strong and brave,
To fight for justice and for liberty,
Has given all the rights of man, to save,
To help defend the freedom of the sea.

Shall liberty, and all we hold so dear,
Be crushed beneath the tyrant's bloody heel?
Shall royal manhood bow the head in fear?
Shall Justice to the brute be forced to kneel?

No! a thousand times, ere falls the blight
Of Hunnish slavery on our free-born sons,
We'll stand our ground and battle for the right,
Or perish 'mid the thunder of the guns.

BALLAD OF BILL BROWN

There once was a cowboy in a far Texas town,
A bold dashing rider by name of Bill Brown.
He wanted a lady, his shanty to keep,
To mend his torn breeches, to dust and to sweep.

So he jumped on his bronk and he splashed through the rills,
Up Porcupine Gulch and away o'er the hills.
He rode and he ran at a terrible rate,
Till he came to the rancho of Rattlesnake Kate.

Now Kate had a daughter so young and so sweet,
Her cheeks were like roses, quite small were her feet.
Her smile was like sunshine, her hair was like gold,
A charming young lady, just nineteen years old.

That Bill was quite welcome 'twas easy to see.
She gave him a hug and kiss on the Q.T.
Says Bill, "Though I'm poor, yet I love you the best,
And you'll be my Mary, to Hades with the rest."

So out to the bronk these two lovers did steal,
While Kate was inside, just preparing a meal.
A clatter of hoofs and the couple were gone,
Afar o'er the hills to the Reverend John.

Now down in their home free of worry or strife,
Dwells Cowboy Bill Brown and his charming young wife.
Their son Billy boy and another called Joe.
My story is done, to my supper I'll go.

A TRUE STORY

In the shadow of a tower,
Battered by the German shell,
Lies a lonely grave grass-covered,
Where a gallant soldier fell.

Do you want to hear the story
How this hero met his fate;
How he died to save his comrades,
Like Horatius at the gate?

At a shell-wrecked farm in Flanders,
In a gaping, shell-torn wall,
Stood a sentry, cold and weary,
As the night began to fall.

Right behind him, in a stable,
Lay his comrades, fast asleep,
Trusting to their brother comrade,
Sentry o'er their rest to keep.

It was raining, cold and dreary;
And the sentry, battle worn,
Little dreamed of deadly danger
Ere the coming of the morn.

O'er his mind the fancies flitted,
Thoughts of children, home and wife,
On his loved Alberta homestead,
Far removed from death and strife.

Hark! A sound from out the darkness
Drove these fancies from his brain;
And he listens, rifle ready,
For that sound to come again.

As the foe, to where the sentry
Stood like one of Britain's sons,
Charging came, with rifles flashing,
"Tumble up," he yelled, "The Huns!"

And his comrades, sleeping, resting,
In the stable heard his call,
Seized their arms and sprang to join him
At the shell-hole in the wall.

Tho' their comrade's warning saved them
From a death of shame and dread,
When the Hun attack was shattered
Sentry Anderson lay dead.

Now he sleeps beside the tower,
Where no more the whizbangs fall,
Never more to hear the bugle,
Or to heed his comrades' call.

Though his grave has been forgotten,
Yet his name is known to fame,
And his memory lives forever
In the land from whence he came.

TOMMY'S REWARD

When war's mighty bellow was heard in the land,
And all we held dear was at stake,
Then Tommy the soldier at once took his stand
The Hun's threatened inroad to break.

He fought like a hero, with bombs and grenades,
With rifle and bayonet, too;
He swore that the Kaiser he'd blow clear to Hades,
He'd run the old Boche through and through.

And Tommy has done it, he made a clean job
Of Bill and his murderous crew.
He put little Willie and Bill on the hob
And then he came home for his due.

He'd lived upon tombstones, and bully, and hash,
Slumgullion or government stew;
He'd hobnobbed with rats, and he'd spent all his cash
To eke out his rations—would you?

Now he is home with his kiddies and wife,
He's up against poverty's grip.
For he lost his right arm in the heart of the strife—
But he's keeping a stiff upper lip.

A miserly pension is his thrice a year;
He's harassed with debts day and night,
By the butcher, the baker, the war profiteer.
By Heck! It's a shame! It's not right.!

A SONG OF SPRING

When the snow is gone
And the fields are green;
And the catkins glow
With a silver sheen;
When the chips are bare
In the old backyard,
And the earth turns black
'Neath the sulky's shard;
When the stubble fields
Are brown and bare;
And the sun shines warm
On the crocus fair;
Then I sigh for home
In the far northwest;
For the golden fields
Of a country blest;
For my Lilly fair,
And my baby boy;
For days of peace,
And a life of joy.
If I once get back
I never will roam—
For there's never a place
Like Home, Sweet Home.

THE SCRUB-WOMAN'S LAMENT

I am only a poor scrub-woman,
Once I was young and fair,
Once I had cheeks like roses,
Once I had golden hair.

It seems but a day since Harry
Kissed me, his soldier bride,
Then went away to battle
And like a soldier died.

They brought him back from the trenches;
He led the charge it seemed,
They said he died like a hero,
My Harry was all I had dreamed.

They sent me his watch and medals,
I keep them safe at the bank,
And before poor Harry was buried
They gave him a sergeant's rank.

I still have his life insurance
Put by for a rainy day,
For when I am old and helpless
It will keep the wolf at bay.

So now I work in Tuxedo
Earning my daily bread.
And when I think of my Harry,
It's many the tears I shed.

My hair has turned to silver
My eyes have faded too,
But I know my Harry is waiting
Afar in the skies so blue.

And the trampling feet go by
With never a thought or care
For the lowly meek scrub-woman
With her wealth of silvery hair.

RHYMES OF AN EX-PATIENT

There's a spot in Manitoba
Where the wide Red River flows,
Where the land is green in summer
Or is white with winter snows,
Where the lame and sick and helpless
Find a haven of repose,
What we'd do without Tuxedo
Or the Sisters Heaven knows.

There we leave our ills behind us
In Tuxedo's ward so good,
There our Sisters have to mind us
And prepare our daily food,
There we get our fish on Fridays
Milk or tea and coffee too,
Bread and meat and many puddings
All things good and fit to chew.

Sure the wards are always spotless
Beds are tidied, tables swept,
Floors are scrubbed and mops are banished
To the place where mops are kept,
Though my spiel is mostly harmless
And is lacking much in rhyme,
Let, Oh! Let me leave behind me
Footprints on the sands of time.

ADDENDA

'Tis of years some six or seven
Since he offered up his prayer,
Go today to old Tuxedo
You will find the footprints there.

THE CYCLE OF THE SEASONS

Spring

When the warm spring sun is shining
And it's time to plant the beans,
When the mind of man is pining
For a mess of garden greens,
When the brooklet is a-humming
And the birdies have come home
When the river's up and coming
And the bees are building comb,
When it's time to set the chicken
And it's feeling good to live,
Then you'll find without much kickin'
That the spring has done arriv'.

Summer

When the days are hot as blisters
And we love to hunt the shade,
When we call upon our sisters
For some home-made lemonade.

When the wheat is green and growing
And the spuds are jumping too,
When the farmer's busy mowing,
In the hay along the slough.

When your tummy is a-yearning
For a glass of icy beer,
Then you'll know without much learning
That the good old summer's here.

Autumn

When the frost is on the clover
And the wheat is in the shock,
When it's time to hunt the plover
And to sell the fatted stock.

When the spuds are in the cellar
And the shed is full of wood,
When the leaves are turning yellar
And we mend the tractor's hood.

When we love to hear the jingle
Of the horses nearing home,
And your toes are all a-tingle
Then you'll know that fall has come.

Winter

When the snow is falling downward
And the stove is glowing too,
When your thoughts will wander townward
And there's moose meat in the stew.

When there's snowbirds by the dozen
On the wheat stack on the hill,
When the swimming hole is frozen
And it's silent at the mill.

Then we sit around the fire
As we listen to the blast,
And we know by all that's dire
Winter time has come at last.

THE CALL OF THE NORTH

There's a spot in North Alberta
Where the wide Peace River flows,
Where the land is green in summer
Or is white with winter snows,
Where the lakes are full of fishes
And the woods are full of moose,
And the marsh is all a-clatter
With the call of duck and goose.

Chorus:

Then it's Ho for the North that is silent,
And it's Ho for the North that is strong,
And it's Ho for the night
When the moon shines bright
And it's Ho for the days that are long.

Where the music of the tractor
Carries on the evening breeze,
And the air is sweetly scented
By the Balm-of-Gilead trees,
Where the saskatoons in clusters
Grow so thickly on the vine,
And the raspberries in plenty
Grow beneath the spruce and pine.

Chorus:

'Tis a land of milk and honey
Deer and partridge by the score,
You can shoot the prairie chicken
Right from out your kitchen door,
And I'm going home tomorrow
Never more afar to roam,
For I've found the dearest place is
Prairie City HOME SWEET HOME.

AN IDYL OF VANCOUVER

Part 1.

Down Vancouver's street one evening,
Strolled a lonesome soldier boy,
He was keenly on the lookout,
For a bit of fluffy joy.

Tall and slim and broad of shoulder,
Curly locks of chestnut hue,
Smiling face so bright and cheerful,
Laughing eyes of deepest blue.

All rigged out in newest khaki,
Sergeant's chevrons on his arms,
Dinky moustache waxed and pointed,
What cared he for war's alarms?

Such was Sergeant Billy Ryan,
Neatest soldier in the force
In the cavalry division,
Umpteenth Squadron B.C. Horse.

Strolling slowly down the pavement,
As he mingled with the throng,
He was looking for a floozy,
Ever thus 'tis with the strong.

Part 2.

Mother dear, I am going shopping,
Thus spoke pretty Mary Bate,
You can wash the supper dishes,
You, or darling sister Kate.

So she donned her high heeled tootsies,
Skirt of brown and blouse to match,
Paint and powder on her phisog,
Merry widow on her thatch.

Down to Hastings Street she wandered,
Tall and queenly every inch,
She was looking for a hubby,
Or a lover, 'twas a cinch.

In the downtown business district,
Near the old Pantages gate,
Where the crowds were moving thickest,
Pretty Mary met her fate.

For she dropped her dinky war bag,
And our Billy picked it up,
Saying as he then returned it,
Would you care with me to sup.

Part 3.

Pretty Mary blushed and stammered,
What she thought I couldn't say,
But she took a chance that evening,
In a little known cafe.

Face to face they ate together,
Blue eyes gazed into the brown,
Billy Ryan thought his Mary,
Just the best there was in town.

Who can say what Mary's thoughts were,
As she gazed on Billy Boy,
Had she found a sweetheart really,
Mary's heart was filled with joy.

Later in the old Pantages,
As they watched the scene devolve
Of a pair of happy lovers,
Billy made a swift resolve.

As they wandered slowly homeward,
Billy whispered in her ear,
"Will you be my sweetheart, Mary?
Trust me, you shall never fear."

Mary turned and shyly whispered,
"You have scarcely known me yet.
But I'll be your sweetheart truly."
Billy answered, "Oh! My pet."

Wedding bells were ringing sweetly,
On a smiling morn in June,
Ryans two were serenaded,
By the brooklet's merry tune.

Here we leave the happy sweethearts,
Quite contented in their home,
Settled down no more to wander.
Never more afar to roam.

MOTHER ROBIN AND HER CHICKS

There's a house on Agnes Street,
Where the mellow sunlight falls,
Pitter, patter, little feet,
Listen to the childish calls.

Violet, Jack and little Fred,
Mother's voice is heard to speak,
Come, it's time to go to bed,
Bedroom doors are heard to creak.

Through the night in slumber deep,
Little heads are laid at rest,
While around the shadows creep,
Mother's word is always best.

Morning dawns and then it's Fred,
Violet will you not arise,
Jack you lazy lie-a-bed,
Shake the sleep out of your eyes.

Violet has a pretty doll,
Freddy's eyes are on a harp,
Jackie hears the pennies fall,
Mother Robin's eyes are sharp.

Nothing gets by unaware
Mother's eyes are quick to see,
Signs of mischief anywhere,
Too much sugar in the tea.

Thus the day is quickly sped,
Jackie has to pick up sticks,
Soon the four are all in bed,
Mother Robin and her Chicks.

THE DESERTED CABIN

Afar on the lonely prairie,
Forsaken by all but God,
Stands a deserted cabin,
Nestling on the sod.

Lashed by storms in summer,
Pelted by winter's snows,
Where is its absent owner?
Heaven above us knows.

Inside, the place is empty,
Table and chair, that's all,
With one pathetic exception—
A calendar on the wall.

'Tis marked at the eighth of August,
When the owner was called away.
Perchance he lies in Flanders,
Waiting the judgment day.

The glass is gone from the windows,
The old door hinges creak.
The roof is sagging downward.
Ah me! If those walls could speak.

What tales they could tell of ambitions
Of sorrow and joy and pain,
Of lives and loves that are vanished,
Of days of sunshine and rain.

Still is the cabin standing,
Old and faded and gray,
Waiting its absent master,
Falling to slow decay.

FOOLS' GOLD

Into my store there came one day
A stranger aged and bent and gray.

"Good morning, Pard," I says to him.
"Ye're wrong," says he, "my name is Jim."

"My last name's something, I've just forgot,
But call me Jim and you'll hit the spot.

But I want some matches, my pipe to light,
Some caps and fuze, and some dynamite.

Some weed to smoke and a bit to chew,
Pick and shovel and gold-pan too.

Beans, the best you've got in town,
Sugar and tea and bacon brown.

I want a burro as good as gold,
A blanket too for the nights are cold.

For I'm going prospecting in the hills.
I'll test the gulches and tap the rills.

Across the valleys I'll surely hike,
And keep it up till I make my strike."

He paid for the lot with gold dust rich,
And packed his goods with the diamond hitch.

And that's the last I saw of Jim.
He vamoosed pronto life and limb.

* * * * *

Three months expired, when into town
There limped a prospector tanned and brown.

His burro was done and so was he,
And he hadn't as much as a pinch of tea.

But the samples he had were in a sack
That was lashed to a part of the burro's pack.

It was Jim, of course, and he came to me,
He had struck it rich, I was glad to see.

I've made my strike, I'm rich as hell,
I'll go back east and become a swell.

I'll wear white collars and shine my shoes,
I'll go to church and drink fine booze.

He dumped his samples on the floor,
I took one look and let out a roar,

I held my sides till I thought I'd break,
It was just fools' gold and no mistake.

ADVENTURES OF A BOOK AGENT

To the city of Vancouver
Where it rains for aye and always
Came a youth by fever sickened
From the Prairie City district,
Came by Edmonton and Red Deer,
Calgary and west to Kamloops,
Selling books to pay his passage
Till he came to New Westminster.
Long he tarried in Westminster
Selling books by himself written,
In the fog and cold and dampness,
Earning plenty of mazuma.
Presently the town he finished
Then he journeyed to Vancouver,
To the city of Vancouver
Where it rains for aye and always.
Near to Hastings Street and Jackson
Stands a house where rooms are furnished
By a Mary McMahononey,
Who got drunk on Johnny Walker.
For a room he forthwith bargained,
Paying Mary just five dollars,
Paying for a fortnight's lodging,
Then set out to hunt a license.
At the City Hall he lingered,
Subjected to many questions,
Till the license was forthcoming.
Then he journeyed swiftly homeward.
On an early Monday morning
Down to Hastings Street he wandered,
Selling books to shop and cafe
In the rain and cold and dampness.
Later when the weather lifted
Sold he to the private houses
All along the Drive Commercial,
Sold to wives and also daughters.
At a house he knocked and waited,
But the lady who responded
Was so cross and sour looking
That his heart sank quickly downward.
Then said Madam Step-and-fetch-it,
Get you gone, you lazy loafer,
Get you gone with all your rubbish,
And remove your presence quickly.
At another house he lingered,
Spending time in patient waiting,
But the door was never opened

For the building was deserted.
Once upon the Drive Commercial
He a stranger stopped and motioned
That he buy a dinky booklet
For the sum of just a quarter.
But the stranger swore and sputtered,
Stating, if I had a quarter
I would purchase me a sausage
Or a drink of Johnny Walker.
Once, as at a house he tarried,
Came a lady tall and stately,
Saying—"Do you know yer Jasus?
Here is buks to read and shtudy."
So she handed him some pamphlets,
Little booklets tied with ribbon,
All about the road to Heaven
And the way to walk in safety.
But the crooked rascal dropped them
Just behind the next fence corner,
Caring nought for Hell or Heaven,
Willing quite to take his chances.
Many times he got no quarter
At the houses where he tarried,
For the folks were leading members
Of the **Order of Hard-uppers**.
So this brings him to the present,
New adventures come tomorrow,
So he bids you all good nightshirt
And retires to his bedroom.

TO THE AMERICAN LEGION: A TOAST

Who we are and whence do we come,
I will answer if I can.
We belong to the biggest order on earth,
The royal order of man.

Whence do we come? 'Tis a different tale,
But I would have you know
We come from the lonely places
Wherever the wild winds blow.

Some of us come from the Phillipines,
From the land of slippery things,
Where the Gugu's smile is as smooth as ile,
And his keen-edged bolo swings.

Some of us come from the great Southwest,
From the bronco-twister's home,
Where the buzzard sails o'er the buffalo trails,
And the slinking coyotes roam.

And some of us come from the frozen north,
From the lure of Arctic gold,
Where a man must fight with a giant's might,
For the right to have and to hold.

We meet tonight in the old canteen,
And here's a toast to the day
When the war is o'er and we see the shore
Of our glorious U. S. A.

THE OLD SCHOOLHOUSE

'Neath the shadow of the hillside,
Where the summer breezes play,
Stands an old time country schoolhouse,
In the brilliant sun of May.

Never more the master's footsteps,
Will be heard about the halls,
Never more the hills will echo,
With the children's merry calls.

In the schoolroom all is silent.
Dust has settled on the floor,
Spider webs adorn the ceiling,
Open is the creaking door.

Mag and Kenneth, Dan and Clifford,
Merry children, where are they?
Some have died and gone to glory,
Some have wandered far away.

But the schoolhouse still is standing,
Sad and lonely 'neath the hill.
Birds have nested in the belfry,
Weeds have grown about the sill.

Some have gone to lands far distant,
In the wide, wide world they roam,
Settled down in distant countries,
Settled down afar from home.

Some have settled down beside us,
And remain with us today,
But the rest afar have wandered,
Far away, Oh! far away.

I'D LIKE

I'd like to be a poet bold,
And sing of gains and losses,
Of coral cove and treasure trove,
Of politics and bosses.

I'd sing of days when hearts were young,
And pirates hid their plunder,
When arms were strong and days were long
And cannons belched their thunder.

Heigh-ho, I'd like to run away
And go to sea an A.B.
A Bos'n tight or midshipmite,
Or cookie's devil (maybe).

Like Kidd of old I'd pirate turn,
And hunt the Spanish Main,
Like a beast I'd slip on the treasure ship
And harry the King of Spain.

I'd like to be a hunter keen
And haunt the forest reaches,
Where pigeons fly to spruces high
To tamaracks and beeches.

I'd hunt the deer through forest isles,
The foxes in their burrows,
I'd hunt the quail in sheltered vale
Where farmers plow their furrows.

I'd like to be a warrior,
And ride a steed in battle,
Where drummers drum and bullets hum
And men are killed like cattle.

Where bombshells burst and mortars fall
And rum jars add their rumble,
Where whizbangs fly and heroes die
And burning airships tumble.

But here I sit like some old stump
While time goes by unheeding,
My soul is jailed and can't be bailed
In spite of all my pleading.

JOHN FARREL—HERO

In the valley, by the river,
Where the rushes green are growing,
Where the grass is all aquiver
With the breezes gentle blowing.

Lies a grave by man forsaken,
Overgrown with grass and flowers.
But the hero's soul was taken
Up to Heaven's pleasant bowers.

Shall I tell to you the story,
How this hero met his Maker,
How he won undying glory
On the edge of Passeurs crater.

There was silence on the hillside
As a sentry sad and weary
Slowly paced along the millside
On an evening cold and dreary.

In the west the sun was setting,
In a blaze of stormy glory,
While around the bats were flitting
Phantoms in a phantom story.

In the loft the troops lay sleeping
Dreaming of the days long vanished
Dreaming of their mothers weeping
When to Flanders they were banished.

From the north the Boche came creeping,
Through a gate he made his entry.
Stealing on the soldiers sleeping,
Stealing on the watching sentry.

"Gott im Himmel," swore a German,
"Is it thus we come to battle?
Who'll respect the name of Hermann
If we shoot them down like cattle?"